

THE
LIVERY RAKE,
AND
COUNTRY LASS.
AN
OPERA.

As it is Perform'd

By the Company of COMEDIANS of
His MAJESTY'S REVELS, at the
New Theatre in the *Hay-Market*.

Edward Phillips;

With the MUSICK prefix'd to each SONG.



L O N D O N:

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Dramatis



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Tom, <i>a Valet de Chambre,</i>	Mr. Berry.
Toby, <i>a Landlord,</i>	Mr. Harper.
Harry, <i>a Butler,</i>	Mr. Ridout.
James,	Mr. E. Roberts.

W O M E N.

Dorcas, <i>a Country Woman,</i>	Mrs. Shireburn.	
1st Phillis, <i>a Country Girl,</i>	Mrs. Pritchard.	
2d Phillis,	{ <i>Fellow-Servants with</i>	Miss Oates.
Lucy,		Miss Mann.
Tom,		
Drawer, &c.		

SCENE, A HALL.

THE



THE
LIVERY RAKE,
AND
COUNTRY LASS.

SCENE I. A HALL.

Thomas and First Phillis.

First PHILLIS.



H! Mr. *Thomas*; you don't talk to me here so kindly as you did Yesterday in the Fields. — I don't believe that you love me so well, that I don't.

Tom. My Dear, this is not so proper a Place to tell you how much I love you — We may be overheard; we must, you know, endeavour to be secret; 'tis one of the greatest Pleasures in Courtship: Besides, should any body carry a Tale to your Uncle's Ears, I might lose thee, my Heart's Darling, for ever. — You do not wish to part?

1st Phill. No; but what if you wish it? that's worse!

Tom. If you fear it, I'm sure you love me, and that's my greatest Happiness.

B

1st Phill.

2 *The* L I V E R Y R A K E,

1st Phill. You do but say so ——— You have such a winning Way tho', I can't help loving to hear you talk, I vow.

Tom. And I cou'd gaze on thee, and talk to thee for ever.

1st Phill. Ah! shall I believe you? [Sighs.]

Tom. Once more, we are not safe here; name but the Place where I may repeat all my Vows, and seal 'em on thy Lips, with what Rapture will I fly to meet thee!

1st Phill. Why then — why then I'll go a Milking with *Dorcas* this Afternoon; you know where.

Tom. And there I'll meet thee, my Angel.

1st Phill. You won't come!

Tom. By This — and This, I will. [Kisses her.]

D U E T.

A I R I. There was a jolly Blade.



1st Phill. Well, I protest and vow,
 I am — I don't know how;
 I wish, and I fear — but you'll come, come, come.

Tom. Thou Idol of my Heart!
 I scarce know how to part,
 Believe me when I swear that I'll come, come, come.

1st Phill. I wish the Hour was nigh;

Tom. Ye Minutes, swiftly fly.
 Believe me ever true, and — mum, mum, mum.

1st Phill. I wish the Hour was nigh;

Tom. Ye Minutes, swiftly fly.

Together { Believe me ever true, and — mum, mum, mum.
 I hope you will prove true, and — mum, mum, mum.

[Exit Phillis.]

Tom

and COUNTRY LASS. 3

Tom *solus*.

The dear Creature's Fondness and Innocence together, will, I am afraid, betray us. I'll secure her, marry her this very Day, and get rid of my Fears at once. I hope she'll trip off unobserv'd; but, be that as it will, I am not yet suspected of any Kindness for her.

Enter Toby.

Tom. My dear Friend *Toby*, Welcome.

Toby. Honest *Tom*, I am thine.

Tom. I hope this Visit won't incommode you? — You are not very busy?

Toby. Not in the least. I am pretty much at leisure now; but when Business comes in of a Market-Day, or so, I am obliged to watch 'em close; for these Dogs of Tapsters are not content with cheating my Customers, but will cheat me too when my Back's turn'd. — But to the Business.

Tom. Nothing rashly. Sit down, pray.

Toby. With all my Heart.

Tom. A Glass of Wine, or so, in a Morning, is not prejudicial. [Fetches a Bottle.]

Toby. Oh Pox! catch a Landlord against drinking at any time o'th' Day, and hang him.

Tom. My Service to you. [Drinks.]

Toby. I'll do ye Reason, Master o' mine. [Drinks.]

Tom. And now, dear *Toby*, I have a Favour to beg of you.

Toby. Why Faith, Money is very scarce; 'tis low Water with me; the Times are hard; however, as far as a Piece or two —

Tom. I do not mean that.

Toby. No! why then here's to you again. [Drinks.]

Tom. You can keep a Secret?

Toby. A strange Question that! Keep a Secret!

Tom. Excuse me, 'tis of Consequence.

Toby. I am secret.

Tom. Know then, that I am in Love.

B 2

Toby

4 *The* L I V E R Y R A K E,

Toby. And have been with a Hundred ere now, to my Knowledge — here's a Secret!

Tom. Seriously, I seem to have chang'd my Way of Thinking with the Air, and am resolv'd to marry.

Toby. Marry! I thou'd as soon have expected an old Baud to preach herself black i' the Face against Wenching, as thee to marry. Have I not often told you that it is a ticklish Point? that Woman is a fantastick Thing, a Weathercock on the top of a House; that Matrimony is like the Sea, unstable, and full of Trouble; and that a Man that marries is like a Vessel in a Storm; that Tempests do rise, as it were; that a Man is tofs'd I don't know how; and that Matrimony is ——— Oons, Sir! it is the Devil!

Tom. I have consider'd it well, and am resolv'd upon it.

Toby. Thou art as hardy as a Thief that has scap'd a Sessions or two, and takes an heroic Swing at last.

Tom. Compare me to what you will; but I fancy you won't disapprove my Choice.

Toby. Pr'ythee, who is it?

Tom. You know *Phillis Lovely*?

Toby. Know her! Um! a curious, young, smirking, smiling, luscious Rogue; a murd'ring pair of Eyes! then, her Lips so red, so plump! then, her Breasts so round, white, smooth, rising! ——— the Sight of her is enough to make a Man ——— and then, besides her Beauty, there is in her Looks a sort of a ——— kind of a ——— kind of a ——— sort of a ——— Ah! Sir, my Service to you. [*Drinks.*] But how can I serve you?

Tom. I'll tell you. The Girl is so kind and innocent, that she can't keep away from hence, which will soon blow the Affair, and I may be prevented; therefore to secure her at once, I am resolv'd to marry her this Night at thy House.

Toby. Very good! very good!

Tom. To blind our Folks, to prevent Suspicion or Watching, I'll give 'em a Dancing-bout; *Phillis* is to be there; I'll step out, tip her the Wink, and ——— before any one smokes it ———

Toby. Admirable! Since you are determin'd, there's nothing like Spirit and Resolution. I like a Fellow that courts as an

English

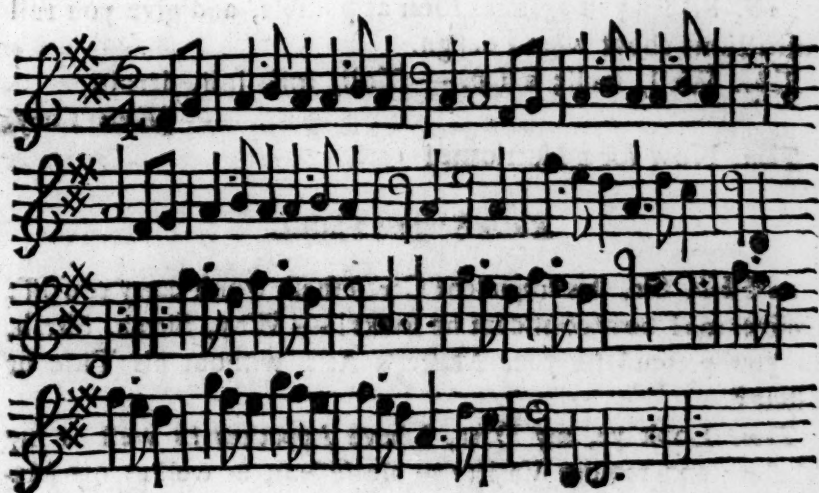
and COUNTRY LASS. 5

English Ship fights, Broadside at once, Grapple and Board,
Sword in Hand, my Boy!

Tom. Right, *Toby*.

Toby. I never knew a mettled Fellow but what follow'd my
Advice.

AIR II. Wou'd you have a young Virgin, &c.



Young Lover, if ought you mean to do,
Dull Whining is not the *Way* to woo;
She'll pity, it may be, but ne'er come to;
When you your utmost *Pow'r* have try'd,
Drink, and with generous brisk *Champaign*,
Fire your Heart, and inspire your *B. ain*;
Then gaily woo her,
Attack her, pursue her,
I warrant you'll never be twice deny'd:
Women, like *Towns* besieg'd, are won;
Nothing by dull *Delay* is done;
Storm her like *Thunder*,
You'll soon bring her under;
Then enter — and plunder,
Make all your own.

Tom. Well advis'd.

Toby.

6 *The L I V E R Y R A K E,*

Toby. Ah! *Tom*, if thou mak'st sure of her, what a Night will there be! what Dancing! what Ogling! what Kissing! and what ——— Toll, loll, loll, deroll.

Tom. Hift! I fee *Phillis*, my Plague, coming this way; I would not have her fee us together.

Toby. Ah! Friend *Tom*, you have plaid at deep Stake there: but Mum — I take my Leave.

Tom. I'll fee you again as soon as possible, and give you full Instructions about what I design.

Toby. Well, well; adieu. — Toll, loll, loll, deroll.

[*Exit Toby.*]

Tom. Now for a Hurricane!

Enter Second Phillis.

2d Phill. Sir, this impudent Carelesfness won't carry you off: Deliver me! how confident he looks! — Why, Sirrah, Sirrah, do you pretend to your Master's Airs without his Title or Estate?

Tom. Look ye, my Dear, I have Appetites as well as my Master; and require Variety to please 'em, as well as my Master; and, when I have an Opportunity, I can indulge as well as my Master.

2d Phill. And you intend to use me as your Master does his Wenches, off and on at Pleasure, like an old Slipper?

Tom. Faith, I was making no such Comparifon. Thou art rather like a good Joint; when a Man has fed heartily, you know he always turns his Back upon the Table.

2d Phill. But you seem to want a Desert to make up your lascivious Chops.

Tom. Which I can't expect from thee; for, in short, *Phillis*, thy harsh Conversation, and sour Looks, fet my Teeth on Edge.

A I R

and COUNTRY LASS. 7

A I R III. Corn Riggs.



2d Phill. *What Rogues are modern Footmen grown!*

Each Slave now apes his Master.

Ah! was my Maidenhead my own,

I'd hold the Toy much faster.

To bear, to melt, when Knaves implore,

And meet their Inclination,

Is worse than vent'ring all one's Store

In the Charitable Corporation.

Tom. Come, come, *Phillis*, don't take it so much to Heart. Look round your Acquaintance, and you'll find abundance of good Company to keep you in Countenance. You set too great a Value on the Bauble; the Loss is not so considerable as you imagine.

A I R

A I R

AIR IV. Lillibulero.



*A Maidenhead's like the Philosopher's Stone,
Which all Men fondly would possess;
Yet after Searching, the Secret's unknown,
All the Curious still confess:
So hid they lie, from those that pry,
That after a world of Labour and Pain,
The Chymist and Lover, alike discover
Their nice Experiments idle and vain.*

2d Phill. I am shock'd to Death, to find the greatest Proof I could give of my Affection for you, should thus sink my Value!

Tom. I must quarrel with her. [*Aside.*] — Really, Madam, your Affection is greater than your humble Servant deserves; for which Reason, I should be glad if you could place it on a Person of more Merit and greater Abilities.

2d Phill. Your Abilities so nicely suit my Capacity, that I were unreasonable to desire greater.

Tom. Pox on her! she bears it better than I expected; I must be more blunt. [*Aside.*] — Upon my Soul, I cannot abuse so much Good-nature; I can no more be constant to a Mistress I have enjoy'd, than I cou'd for ever quench my Thirst at a Small-beer Barrel.

2d Phill. Monster! think not I'll be expos'd to Want and Infamy.

Tom

and COUNTRY LASS. 9

Tom. You counterfeit Passion mighty well. Expos'd by me !
you had been worn by my Master, and fell to me like other
Perquisites.

2d Phill. 'Tis false as Hell ! And however you may think to
use me ———

Tom. I shall not use you any more in haste, ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit Tom.*]

2d Phill. Damn'd Villain !

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Bless me, Child ! what makes you in such a Pas-
sion ?

2d Phill. Oh, my dear *Lucy*, this Villain *Tom*, has treated
me most barbarously.

Lucy. I'm sorry he has it in his Power.

2d Phill. After I had given him such Proofs ———

Lucy. And taken such slippery Security for your All. ———
My Dear, I won't upbraid you ; but I really thought your Ex-
perience had furnish'd you with better Politicks, than to ima-
gine you could secure a Lover by denying him nothing in your
Power,

C

AIR

10 *The LIVERY RAKE,*

AIR V. There was an a Swain full fair.



2d Phill.

Alas! when this wheedling Man

His engaging Addresses began,

With a Shape, with an Air,

And a Tongue to ensnare :

When he kiss'd, sigh'd, and press'd

Me so close to his Breast,

'Twas so sweet, and transported me so,

That I never could,

For my Heart's Blood,

Answer, No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

Never cou'd for my Heart's Blood, answer No.

And COUNTRY LASS. 11

In short, *Lucy*, all Women have a blind Side, and he found out mine.

Lucy. And there he hit you. — Come, cheer up, Wench; shou'd the Varlet quite forsake thee, the Gap in thy Virtue or Reputation may yet be stopt up. At *London* there are such things as Apprentices, and Inns-of-Court Beaux.

2d *Phill*. I wish I had my Virtue again, for all that.

Lucy. Hang your Virtue! would it purchase a Dish of Tea, a Row of Pins, or a Pinch of Snuff? No. Besides, the Tip-top Ladies cast it aside; and That, of all their cast Things, their Women should not pretend to wear. Fare it well; be discreet, that's all.

AIR VI. The Collier had a Daughter.



*The Prude, with Virtue laden,
Behaves most demurely,
And passes for a Maiden,
She sins so snug — and purely.*

C 2

Each

*Each Woman will seem chaste,
Who is a cautious Sinner;
But if she's caught at last,
O Fy! — the Devil's in her.*

2d Phill. The Devil's in't, if I can't keep my own Secret.

Lucy. These Affairs, I know, are very shocking. I have often heard a Woman compar'd to a Ship; and, I think an Intrigue is like a Voyage.

2d Phill. Rather a Rock, where many a tight Vessel has been split.

Lucy. But you may float again. Is't not possible to persuade Tom to — to — to — you know what I mean.

2d Phill. You might as soon persuade my Lady to forsake Quadrille, and my Lord to pay his Debts.

Lucy. D'ye think we can't trick him into the Noose?

2d Phill. Impossible! for nothing less than the Devil —

Lucy. Or a Woman and a Priest can match him; so let us go together, and plot most furiously. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Tom and Toby.

Tom. You take me right.

Toby. Ay, ay, never fear me.

Tom. Well, when the Dance is over, you'll be ready to receive her; put her on that loose Gown, and muffle her up in the Hood I gave you, which will conceal her from the Knowledge of the Parson, who takes her for my Fellow-Servant, *Phillis*; then lead her to the Room appointed, where you'll find me.

Toby. But how will you employ t'other *Phillis*, she'll have a Hawk's Eye on you.

Tom. I have sent *Harry* to her with a Proposal, which may rid me of her for ever; but if she won't close with it, he shall amuse the Company with a Glass, and a Song, and so forth, whilst the Parson —

Toby. Gives you a Cast of his Office. — Well, I may be of Service there too.

Tom.

and COUNTRY LASS. 13

Tom. That's the Sum Total of my Project.

Toby. How I honour Intriguing, Plotting, and Pimping!

Tom. Pimping! Ha, ha, ha! Dear *Toby*, you are a little too bulky for a Pimp.

Toby. Bulky! a fat Man for a Pimp, ever while you live, a fat Man for a Pimp; a fat Fellow, if he has but Wit enough to carry a Letter or a Message, has a great Advantage over a meagre, prying, sharp-visag'd Rogue, that looks as if he liv'd by his Wits. A skinny Sharper or Pimp, carries his Profession in his Looks; but who the Devil wou'd take a Man of my Bulk, my Figure, for a Pimp, a Cuckold-monger, a vehement Intriguer, hah?

Tom. Truly, I shou'd not.

Toby. Why no. And then my Scheme of Pimping and Coupling is admirable!

Tom. Pr'ythee, what is it?

AIR VII. Jolly Roger Twangdillo.



Toby. For a Soldier, or Poet, consumedly poor,
 I procure a smart Woman with Pence:
 For a Shopkeeper, ready to shut up his Door,
 A rich Maukin, without common Sense:
 For Beaux batter'd and old,
 Stale Misses with Gold,

Tho

14 *The LIVERY RAKE,*

*Tho' toothless as my Grandmother;
For a Fellow damn'd leud,
An affected rich Prude,
For like Tallies they hit one another. Twangditlo.*

*Any Maid, who undutiful Parents has got,
Or a Guardian too rigid upon her;
Any worn-out Mistress, who'd wed, and be thought
A Woman of Virtue and Honour;
Any Widow in want
Of a sturdy Galant;
Any Wife of her Husband quite sick;
To their Wishes I grant
A Supply in the Nick:
Thus I pimp, Sir, with Spirit and Honour. Twangditlo.*

Tom. My Pimp of Honour! Thou art a comical Dog; but this Affair of mine won't let me enjoy thy Pleasantry as I us'd to do. When the Business is once over ———

Toby. Ay, then *Tom*, we'll give the Country a Sample of Mirth and good Company.

Tom. With all my Heart. ——— Remember the Hour of Eight.

Toby. I have it, I have it here, old Boy. [Exeunt.]

Enter Dorcas and First Phillis.

Dorc. Hold thy Peace, Wench; what, in Love with a Footman! why, he's as wicked as ever he can hang in his Skin; as wicked as his Master, I warrant ye.

1st Phill. But indeed he's a goodly Man, *Dorcas*; he says such sweet Things to one! ——— Well, I'm sure he loves me.

Dorc. Away, Simpleton; there's no more heed to be given to the Wagging of a young Varlet's Tongue, than the Wagging of a Heifer's Tail in Summer, when the Flies do bite. — Loves you! he has told a Hundred so before now, ly'd to 'em all, if not lain with 'em all; and forsaken 'em all at last.

1st Phill.

and COUNTRY LASS. 15

1st Phill. Well, why then — why then — he loves me better than you all.

Dorc. Lawye now! how hard it is to persuade a giddy wishing Girl from her Inclinations. Ah, *Phillis*! these Rogues of Footmen, with lac'd Clothes, powder'd Wigs, and more Timber in their Hands than grows on their Master's Estates, be good for nought; they run down the Country-Girls as eagerly as their Master's Hounds do the Foxes.

1st Phill. You may say what you will, but I can't, nay, I won't believe any Ill of dear, dear, sweet Mr. *Thomas*; he is so kind, that I'm sure he won't hurt me.

Dorc. Ah! silly Baggage; the kinder he is; the more likely to hurt thee; he promises fair, but —

1st Phill. Pish! Truee with your Bats now, for I do love him, and will love him. I hate Squire *Cloapole*, and *Coffar*, they do so pull one about, and rumple one's Cap, and kiss so foolishly, I can't abide it. But Mr. *Thomas* kisses so sweet! and presses so close! Oh dear! he so pleas'd me last Night! — I wish it had lasted till now.

AIR

16 *The LIVERY RAKE,*

A I R VIII. How helpless are we Orphans made.



*He fondly kiss'd my Lips and Eyes,
And when he saw my Bosom rise,
He stole a Kiss, Oh sweet Surprise!
Then clasp'd me round, and sigh'd;
And whisper'd softly in my Ear,
Life of my Life, my Soul, my Dear!
And trembled so, I vow and swear
I thought he won'd have dy'd.*

Dorc. Bless us! the Girl is as pert as a *London* Chambermaid already.

1st Phill. Chambermaid! but I shall be fine as a Lady's Woman; for Mr. *Thomas* told me he hop'd to be made Under-Steward to my Lord, and — and — cheat him — No! get an Estate presently.

Dorc. Come thy ways, and milk the Kine, and talk no more o' this Stuff.

1st Phill. You may go first; I'll but gather a few Primroses, and follow you.

Dorc.

and COUNTRY LASS. 17

Dorc. Ah! *Phillis*, *Phillis*, take care lest thou be gather'd thy self. [Exit *Dorcas*.]

1st Phill. These old Folks would have no body taste the Sweets of Love but themselves.

Enter Tom.

Tom. True, my Dear; but in their younger Days, they never took the Counsel they now so readily give to others.

1st Phill. O La! you have so frightened me now! and yet I was afraid you would not come.

Tom. Why did you fear?

1st Phill. Because I heard you had been false to others, and might forsake me.

Tom. The Devil! what can this mean? [Aside.] — Do not think so unkindly of one who loves you so tenderly.

A I R IX. White Joak.



Thou'rt a Miracle of Nature;
Thy Shape, thy Air, and ev'ry Feature,
To charm my Heart conspire;
Ev'ry Look and Turn appearing
So soft, so easy, and endearing,
Fill my Heart with fond Desire:
At each Glance, or Touch, a Pain
Thrilling shoots thro' ev'ry Vein;
Thy Kisses do my Soul inflame;
And Thoughts of what I dare not name,
Doubly augment my Fire.

D

1st Phill.

ermald
s Wo-
Under-
— No!
o more
nroses,
Dorc.

18 *The* L I V E R Y R A K E,

1st *Phill.* Oh! but will you never love any Woman but me?

Tom. Never, never; on those dear Lips I swear.

1st *Phill.* I vow, I have a great mind to believe you. — And then, you say a *London* Life is so sweet.

Tom. Ay, very pleasant; and you shall live like a Person of the first Rank.

1st *Phill.* Indeed! but pray, what is that?

Tom. Why, you may do just what you please at home or abroad, at Church or the Playhouse, and not care That for any body.

1st *Phill.* Ha, ha, ha! well, I vow that's pure. Now, our Parson takes notice if one looks off the Book — he does — Would you believe it? he told my crabbed Uncle that I stood up to look at you, coming into Church; and so I did, that's true enough, but I cou'd not help it.

Tom. O! you need not fear any such thing at *London*, especially at ours, the Court-end o' the Town; Parsons have more Breeding than to tell People of their Faults.

1st *Phill.* And then, you talk'd of the Operas and Masquerades.

Tom. True.

1st *Phill.* And the Dresses, and Jaunts, and — and —

Tom. And all thy dear little Heart can wish for. — I'll give thee — I'll give thee — [Kisses her.

1st *Phill.* Ha, ha, ha! You have so many fine Things, I warrant you can't tell what you'll give me.

Tom. Come, my Dear, let's away, and this Minute put it out of every body's Power to prevent the Happiness we propose.

1st *Phill.* You won't love me, if I consent so soon.

Tom. I will, for ever.

1st *Phill.* You won't.

Tom. I will, upon my Soul.

1st *Phill.* But indeed I can't, I must go milk the Kine with *Dorcas*.

Tom. Hang the Kine; we can employ our Time better.

1st *Phill.* O La! I don't know whether I can go now; and yet I must — Pish — pray let me go. AIR

and COUNTRY LASS. 19

A I R X. Sweet, if you love me, &c.



*Don't you teize me; let me go,
 Let me go, let me go;
 Do, pray now, dear now, let me go:
 So close you press, so warm you glow,
 What 'tis you mean I do not know,
 But fear you are resolv'd to — let me go, let me go;
 Resolv'd to force a Maid to marry.*

*Sweet, if you love me, let me go,
 Let me go, let me go;
 Sweet, if you love me, let me go:
 If longer thus you ogling stand,
 Hang on my Waist, and squeeze my Hand,
 I fear I shall consent to — let me go, let me go;
 I fear I shall consent to marry.*

He. *Sweet, if you love me, come away;*
 She. *Let me go, let me go;*
 He. *Sweet, if you love me, come away;*
 She. *If longer thus you ogling stand —*
 He. *I cou'd for ever ogling stand.*
 She. *Hang on my Waist, and squeeze my Hand —*
 He. *Hang on thy Waist, and squeeze thy Hand.*
 She. *I fear I shall consent to —*
 He. *I hope you will consent to —*

20 *The LIVERY RAKE,*

Come away.

She. *Let me go.*

Both. { *I hope you will consent to marry.*
 { *I fear I shall consent to marry.*

[Running off, Dorcas meets 'em.]

Dorc. What, running away together? Is this gathering Prim-
roses? Ah! *Phillis*.

1st Phill. Well, if he will follow me, and kiss me, how can
I help it? If he has a mind to't, I can't hinder him; he's strong-
er than I.

Tom. Good Mrs. *Dorcas*, be not angry. You know Miss
Phillis ———

1st Phill. Oh La! Miss! that's pure.

Tom. Miss *Phillis* is extremely handsome; and a Man can't
for his Soul forbear a Kiss, or so, in a civil way.

1st Phill. Ah! *Dorcas*, I was running to you, but he caught
me, and — well, I've a good mind to tell you all.

Dorc. And what! I suppose you were very angry?

1st Phill. But what do you think he does to me?

Dorc. How shou'd I know?

1st Phill. Can't you guess?

Dorc. Not I.

Tom. What can she mean?

1st Phill. Why, he kisses me, and puts his Hands.—Ha, ha!
I will tell.

Dorc. Ah, the Gracious!

1st Phill. He kisses me, and puts his Hands into my Bosom.

Dorc. And then you are angry, and frown at him.

1st Phill. No, indeed an't I; for I can't help laughing, it
pleases me so.

Dorc. Well, *Phillis*, thou shalt go no more a Milking; and
you shall follow her no more.

Tom. Good Mrs. *Dorcas*, I did not follow her. Don't mis-
take the Thing. I and my Fellow-Servants are to have a mer-
ry Night, on't at *Toby Slang's*; and as we are all Neighbours,
and being willing you shou'd share the Diversion, I came to in-
vite you and Miss *Phillis* to go there with us.

1st Phill.

and COUNTRY LASS. 21

1st Phill. Thank you, sweet Mr. Thomas.

Dorc. I dare not stir with that mad Girl.

Tom. There will be only civil Behaviour, take my Word.

Dorc. Well, as I am to be there my self, there can be no
foul Play, I think ; so it may be we may venture to come.

1st Phill. There's a sweet Dorcas!

Tom. At Eight exactly.

Tom and 1st Phillis. D U E T.

A I R XI. Fly, fly from the Place, fair Flora,



He. *I languish for the Blessing.*

She. *Soft Wishes fill my Heart.*

He. *My Love's beyond expressing.*

She. *What Pain it is to part !*

He. *In thee is all my Pleasure.*

She. *And mine is all in you.*

He. *Be true to the Touch, my Treasure.*

She. *Ay, marry, and thank you too.*

[Exeunt 1st Phillis and Dorcas.]

Tom. Bad Luck this, to have the delicious Morfel bobbing at
one's Lips, and then snatch'd away. The Tit is kind and wil-
ling, there I'm safe. And if this Balk works upon her, as
Disappointments commonly do with the Sex, she'll grow more
eager and resolute, and I may be happy in her Arms this Night.

A I R

A I R XII. What Woman cou'd do, &c.



*When Woman once gets a Man in her Head,
 Then do what she can,
 If working, or playing, if up — or in bed,
 It runs on the Man:
 She's hourly perplex'd with her Hope and her Fear,
 And she never finds Ease till she has him — elsewhere;
 Then fair One do what you can,
 Still, still I'm the Man.*

[Exit

Enter Lucy and 2d Phillis.

Lucy. Indeed, my Dear, you'll expose yourself by this unseasonable Want of Temper.

2d Phill. O! 'tis not to be borne; the Villain, *Tom*, has sent *Harry* to me with such a Proposal!

Lucy. What was it?

2d Phill. You have seen several Letters, wherein *Tom* has far engag'd himself to me, that if he marries any other, I can rounce him for it. He, with his uncommon Modesty, has own'd that he can marry a Girl with a Fortune, and will give me his absolute Bond for 200*l.* if I return his Letters, and quit him for ever.

Lucy

and COUNTRY LASS. 23

Lucy. Why then you're bewitch'd if you don't take it; 200*l.* odds my Life! are worth two hundred such rascally false-hearted Knaves. Take it, I say; your seeming to be satisfied with the Bond, will lull him into a Security, make him act more openly, and may be, give you an Opportunity of defeating this Project of marrying another, and obliging him to do you Justice.

2d Phill. Hah! yonder's *Harry*, he follows me for an Answer.

Lucy. Do as I bid you, I'll withdraw and listen.

[*Exit Lucy.*]

Enter Harry.

Harry. Well, my dear *Phillis*, art thou resolv'd? Consider, Child, 200*l.* is —— egad, it is 200*l.* and will do two hundred fine Things.

2d Phill. Pr'ythee, *Harry*, leave fooling, and know your Distance.

Harry. Distance! she's as faucy as if I did not know her for a Whore. [*Aside.*] —— Will you take the Bond? you know on what Conditions I am to deliver it.

2d Phill. Wou'd you have me take it, when I don't know whether 'tis good or bad? I won't meddle with it till I am advis'd.

Harry. What Answer shall I carry back?

2d Phill. None, unless you'll let me see the Bond.

Harry. I don't know whether I shou'd trust you with it.

2d Phill. You, and he that sent you, are a couple of Rascals, for by your Scruples I see you would abuse me.

Harry. Good Words, good Words, or you shall find —— there, take it, and return it. [*Phillis pockets the Bond.*] Ay, but before you stir hence.

2d Phill. Indeed I shan't, I am not a proper Judge.

Harry. I say, return it.

2d Phill. I say, I won't.

Harry. Why then I must force you, that's all.

[*They struggle, she screams.*]

Enter

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. How now, *Harry*?

Harry. She knows well enough.

Lucy. By her Screaming, it looks as if she knew more of you than she lik'd.

Harry. Give me the Bond again.

2d Phill. He's mad.

Harry. No more Trifling. Will you give it me?

2d Phill. He raves.

Harry. I ask for the Bond.

2d Phill. What Bond? I never saw it.

Harry. Damnation!

2d Phill. } Ha, ha, ha!

Lucy. }

Harry. Whores both. I'll spoil your Mirth yet.

Lucy. Ill-manner'd Puppy ———

2d Phill. He'll hardly give me the Slip to-night; and to-morrow, *Tom*, thou shalt be used as thou deserves.

Lucy. Don't trust to that; I don't like this Dancing we are to have to-night; I overheard something, I'll tell you as we go along. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Toby and Tom.

Toby. I see you're before your Time.

Tom. What's a Clock pr'ythee?

Toby. About half an Hour past Seven.

Tom. Why then I believe we may venture on a Bottle, and chat away this ling'ring half Hour.

Toby. With all my Heart. Here, *Harry*! *Tom*! *Will*! here, here. [*Enter Drawer.*] a Bottle of Port — neat, d'ye hear? — You think this a ling'ring half Hour, but in half a Month's time you may wish it had linger'd for ever. Why, you're going upon an endless Business, the Tinker and my Lady's Kettle exactly.

A I R

A I R XIII.



*A jolly Tinker thro' the Street
Went warbling on in Voice most sweet,
D'ye want a Man of Mettle?
With that, my Lady's Maid slept out,
Hip, Friend, quoth she, I make no doubt
You'll stop my Lady's — Kettle.*

*He first examin'd well the Flaws;
Then out his Implements he draws,
With store of lasting Mettle;
Tho' right he work'd, spite of his Soul,
There still remain'd a swinging Hole,
A Hole in my Lady's Kettle.*

Tom. No more o' that, dear *Toby*.

Toby. I ha' done, I ha' done. [*Drinks.*] What News at *London*? Do People of Distinction encourage the same Diversions as they us'd to do?

Tom. Exactly.

Toby. Oh, then the Wits may go whistle.

Tom. Why art thou concern'd about the Wits?

Toby. Oar! I lov'd the Rogues dearly; they had my Wine, and I had their Jokes: They are beggarly Rogues, because they are witty; and I am undone because I am good-natur'd. But what sort of Writers are now in vogue?

Tom. Faith, *Toby*, I don't understand these things.

E

Toby.

26 *The* L I V E R Y R A K E .

Toby. No! why I intended to write my self after I broke —
A broken Tradesman makes you an excellent Writer; nay more
I intended to write for the Stage.

Tom. Why, that requires Wit and Humour!

Toby. Wit and Humour! Oh dear! Oh dear! either you don't
frequent the Playhouses, or — you don't understand it; why,
Wit and Humour was of late the only thing that us'd to damn
a Play.

Tom. Indeed!

Toby. Ay, ay, 'tis true, Man. ——— Pray, Friend *Tom*, of
what Taste is thy Master?

Tom. O! very fashionable! He loves Balls, Masquerades,
subscribes to the *Italian* Operas; whilst his Tradesmen go un-
paid, and his Servants without Wages.

Toby. That we, of all People, should be so fond of 'em! —
The Devil a Sous would *Senesino* trill out of a *Dutchman's*
Pocket. Nor would the finest Song in *Orbo* buy him a Mess
of *Soup-meagre* in *France*; but we are finely fleec'd by 'em —
arrant Dupes to 'em.

A I R

and COUNTRY LASS. 27

A I R XIV. I had a pretty Girl, &c.



*The Italian Nymphs and Swains,
That adorn the Opera Stage,
With their Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
So sweetly they engage,
That we die upon their Strains,
With a Ha, ha, ha, &c.
Their Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, without a Grain of Sense,
Has mollify'd our Brains, and we're fobb'd out of our Pence,
With their Ha, ha, ha, &c.*

*But I hope the Time will come
When their Favourers will find,
With a Ha, ha, ha, &c.*

E 2

They

*They have paid too great a Sum
To Italian Pipes for Wind,*

With a Ha, ha, ha, &c.

*When English Wit again, and Merit too shall thrive,
And Men of Fortune, to support that Wit and Merit strive,
In spite of Ha, ha, ha, &c.*

Tom. Here's Success to the *English* Drama! [Fills a Glass,

Toby. Liberty and Property! [Fills,

Tom. With all my Heart. [Both drink.

Enter Dorcas and 1st Phillis,

Dorc. You see we are come.

1st Phill. Indeed we have made such haste, that I am almost sick.

Tom. O my Charmer! I'll soon cure you. Come, take a Glass of Wine after your Walk. — Pray, *Toby*, take care of *Dorcas*. — Ev'ry Minute since we parted has seem'd an Age,

1st Phill. And indeed now, I wish'd for you so long, that I could not tell what to do.

Tom. I'll repay those Wishes with inexpressible Kindness.

1st Phill. But *Dorcas* says your Kindness will hurt me; and yet — I can't think it will.

Tom. Why then you think rightly.

AIR

and COUNTRY LASS. 29

AIR XV. DUET.



Tom. Banish from thy tender Breast
Each saucy Fear for ever;
We in each other will be blest,
'Till Fate the Union sever.

1st Phill. When you say such loving things,
My Bosom warmer still is;
My Heart to meet your Kisses springs,
Then take me, and do what you will,
Do what you will, do what you will,
Do what you will with Phillis.

Tom. When the first Dance is over, do you go off at that
Door; I'll meet you. I have something to say to you.

1st Phill. You London Folks have such Contrivances!

Enter 2d Phillis, Lucy, Harry, James, &c.

Tom. Welcome, welcome all.

Toby. Odd! here's a goodly Company indeed!

Tom. A Glass of Wine about here.

Lucy. Did you observe 'em in close Conference? watch him
narrowly.

2d Phill. You may depend on't.

Har

30 *The LIVERY MAKE,*

Har. Come, come, I have Drinking enough at home: I would be shaking my Heels. I know the Girls are of my Mind, they long to be at it.

Tom. With all my Heart. *Toby*, do you see that Supper be got ready.

Toby. I will; I'll do't.

[*Exit Toby.*]

Here a DANCE.

After the Dance, both Phillis's Exeunt at different Places on the same Side. Tom exit e contra.

Har. So, so, this was pretty well, what say ye to a Glass after it?

Lucy. It won't be amiss, I think.

Har. *Lucy*, those Eyes of yours are dangerous. You should not glance so lavishly.

Lucy. You are proof against their Artillery.

Harry. Perhaps not—but more of that at a more convenient Opportunity. I'll swear, Neighbour *Dorcas*, you dance admirably, you foot it nimbly, and have such a Carriage with you—

Dorc. Ah! well enough, well enough for me; but my Dancing Days are over, as they say.

Har. No, no, hang it! they shall never be over with any of us, 'till we die. We'll never fancy our selves old, but laugh, drink, sing, and enjoy Life while it lasts.

Dorc. O mad Wag!

Lucy. He talks it well enough.

Har. Come, *James*, give us a Song.

James. With all my Heart.

and COUNTRY LASS. 31

AIR XVI.



James. *Come, be free, my lovely Lasses,
Banish dull restraintive Pride;
Now we're o'er our gen'rous Glasses,
Let the Mask be thrown aside :
With our Wine sweet Kisses blending,
You its Virtue shall improve ;
Wine our warm Desires befriending,
Shall increase the Pow'r of Love.*

*Squeamish Prudes may take occasion,
Tho' they burn with inward Fire,
To condemn a gen'rous Passion,
Which they never cou'd inspire.
But how curst is their Condition,
Whilst in us they Freedom blame,
Ev'ry Night pant for Fruition,
Yet find none to meet their Flame !*

Dorc.

32 *The LIVERY RAKE,*

Dorc. Woe is me! What's become of our *Phillis*!

Har. Hah! What!

Dorc. The Wench, I doubt, is undone.

Har. No; but I hope her Business is in a fair way of being done.

Dorc. Plague o' your Fiddles and Dancing! ———

Enter 1st Phillis, pouting.

Ah me! Wench, where hast thou been? What hast thou been doing?

1st Phill. I have been doing nothing, that I han't.

Enter Tom and 2d Phillis.

Tom. The Devil! Who have I got here?

2d Phill. Her whom you ought to have.

Tom. Plague and Furies! You, *Harry*, I suppose, have help'd to contrive this; and ———

Enter Toby.

You, Sir; but I'll be reveng'd on you both by this Light!

Toby. What's the Meaning of this?

Har. May I lose my Ears if I know!

Tom. And may I lose mine if you carry it off thus! ———

That I shou'd be thus impos'd on!

Har. Hark'e, *Tom*, do you know me? And ———

Tom. Do you know *Jack Ketch*?

Har. Hear me, and my Integrity ———

Tom. And the Gallows at *Tyburn*; where you ought to swing for this.

Har. Obstinate Fool!

Tom. O damn'd Rogue! I cou'd flea thee! Never will I trust Man or Woman more.

Toby. Who can unriddle this?

Lucy. *Tom*, hear me one Word. I dare swear *Harry* and *Toby* meant quite contrary to what has happen'd. I observ'd thee in close Conference with that innocent Girl, as I enter'd.
I suspected

and COUNTRY LASS. 33

I suspected some Roguery in this Dancing-bout, and advised her to watch your Motions: She did; and a Mistake, a mere Accident has obliged you to do her that Justice, which you ought to have done by Choice.

Tom. Thank thee, Hag.

Toby. You wou'd have me stand in the Dark to receive her, for fear of a Discovery; so I mistook my Woman, as any Man might. *Tom, Tom*, there never comes good of the Deeds of Darkness.

1st Phill. An ill-natur'd ugly Thing! — O but, Mr. *Thomas*, go back to the Parson, tell him how it was, and be unmarried.

Tom. Dear *Phillis*, you see I don't forsake you willingly, but by constraint. Our Intrigue may be an useful Lesson to thee, my Dear, and make thee more wary for the future.

1st Phill. Ah! but do you think I'll be put off thus? No, indeed won't I. I'll have a Husband, that I will.

A I R XVII. A Shepherd kept Sheep, &c.



Now you've set me agog, I shall ne'er be at Rest,

Fall, lall, &c.

Now you've set me, &c.

'Till by a young Lover I'm wholly possess'd,

Fall, lall, Oh! that I were but, &c.

34 *The* L I V E R Y R A K E,

To awaken my Wishes you've ta'en so much pains,

Fall, lall, &c.

To awaken my Wishes, &c.

That I'm fully resolv'd now to — know what it means.

Fall, lall, lara, fall, derol, lara, Yes I will, that I will,

Fall, lall, lara.

Tom. I am in the Toils, and struggle in vain.

2d Phill. I see I was devoted to Ruin, and am obliged to you for it.

Lucy. Pr'ythee, *Tom*, stroke down thy Stomach. I dare swear, by the Pains you took about her, you may conclude your dear Wife honest. I fancy you did not easily persuade her to what you now seem to despise her for.

Toby. Since you have been at the pains of tapping the Cask, you're like to drink heartily. *Tom*, take care it does not turn musty on your Hands.

Tom. Your Jokes, *Toby*, are not well tim'd. I must be content at last, and faith it is but just I should. Well, *Phillis*, you must allow a Man to be a little out of Humour at a Disappointment; but 'tis over, and I feel a kind of inward Satisfaction rising within me.

2d Phill. All I can say is, that I forgive you your former Treatment, and shall contribute all I can to make you easy for the future.

Toby. Why, this is pretty much as it should be.

and COUNTRY LASS. 35

A I R XVIII. Now the good Man's from home.



Tob. *Then take thy dear Spouse; thou needs must believe,
That all Womankind is descended from Eve,
With a Mixture of Evil and Good in their Frame,
And to the World's End will continue the same.*

Tom. *Let no cocking Fops my Fortune deride,
Because I've marry'd the Woman I've try'd,
When their Constitutions and Means are quite sunk
Amidst the Embraces of stale Drury Punk.*

2d Phill. *Let no prude Wife sneer, and think me a Fade,
Nor toss up her Head, and my Weakness upbraid;
Whilst she, virtuous Creature! to guard her dear Spouse,
Adds nightly a Branch to the Horns on his Brows.*

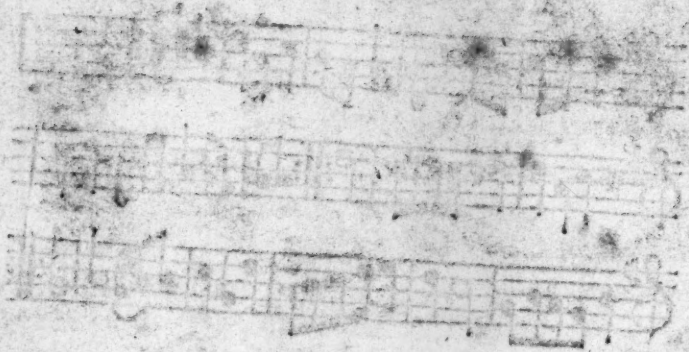
Tom. *Your own Vices cure, before you pretend
To rail at a Foe, or to rally a Friend;
Deride not the Bankrupt, whilst you are undone;
But last, and be safe, whilst the Folly you shun.*

Chorus. *Your own Vices cure, &c.*

F I N I S.

THE COUNTRY LASS

THE COUNTRY LASS



THE COUNTRY LASS

